



Dead Passion's Flame

A Pome by Blank Frailty

Ah, Passion, like a voice - that buds!
With many thorns...that sharply stick:
Recalls to me the longing of our bloods...
And - makes my wearied heart requick! ...

Arcadia

By Head Balledup

O give me the life of the Village,
 Uninhibited, free, and sweet.
The place where the arts all flourish,
 Grove Court and Christopher Street.

I am sick of the old conventions,
 And critics who will not praise,
So sing ho for the open spaces,
 And aesthetes with kindly ways.

Here every bard is a genius,
 And artists are Raphaels,
And above the roofs of Patchin Place
 The Muse of Talent dwells.

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